

# The Weekly Museum.

[VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1791.

[NUMBER 184.]

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## ARMIDA : or, The METAMORPHOSIS.

[Concluded.]

AT midnight Lord C. had prepared a press-gang to take Mr. Thomas into another service. Mademoiselle was impatient to put my lady to bed, in order to repair to the apartment of her adored Adonis. In this interval Lady C. was watching an opportunity of surprising the lovers. All these matters were executed at the same moment.

The evening being very sultry Mr. Thomas had thrown himself upon the bed, his waistcoat unbuttoned, and his arms served instead of pillows. Two glowing breasts of alabaster were now exposed to view—when Lord C. attended by two of his creatures, with a dark lanthorn in one hand and a gag in the other, entered. He directed the light towards the bed; he perceived—and no sooner perceived, than he made a sign for his attendants to retire, and approached the object which had caught hold of his senses. “Heavens, exclaimed he, ‘tis a woman!” At that instant he heard the foot of some one approaching. He immediately concealed himself in order to gratify his curiosity, when Mademoiselle entered the apartment with a taper.—She had no sooner extinguished it than she approached her lover. She began by imprinting a kiss upon the rosy lips of her lover.—Mr. Thomas awoke. Who is this? Who is this? Dear Mr. Thomas, it is I—It is Lucy who loves you to distraction, and who cannot live without you.

Ah! Is it you Lucy—if you love me—I love you from the bottom of my heart. O Mr. Thomas! what have I suffered by being tormented with an unceasing jealousy! for I plainly see my lady loves you, and that you cannot resist adoring her.—Dear Lucy I do adore her, but not so as to injure those sentiments I have for your friendship.

These words were scarce uttered, when Lady C. made her approach, and darting into the apartment, she exclaimed, Lucy, what do you do here!

Mademoiselle threw herself upon her knees. Pardon my lady. If your ladyship knew—

Retire this instant. And as for you, Thomas, I must see you in the morning.

Suspend my lady your suspicions and be persuaded that nothing is more easy than my justification; deign but to hear me—at this instant Lady C. left the room in apparent anger.

Mr. Thomas was no sooner alone, than he got up, lighted a candle, and began to reflect on the incidents that had just occurred. In the midst of a profound reverie, he articulated. What can this possibly mean? Lucy—My lady! If I lose the good graces of Lady

C. I shall never be consoled. What an unhappy mortal! Must I discover to her my sex; must I inform her of my family? Yes, Lady C. has her suspicions, she will have a bad opinion of Lucy. I see I must. Immediately Mr. Thomas was metamorphosed into a lovely woman, while Lord C. was an eye witness to her irresistible charms; but prudence dictated and he retired the moment he was able with the greatest precipitation.

The next day Lord C. appeared in vast spirits, and an unusual gaiety. He looked and spoke the expression of an enamored soul.—Lady C. was not a little surprised at this change of behavior, and was totally at a loss to divine the cause; but the apology of Mr. Thomas soon led to an eclaircissement.

Pardon me, said he, in confessing that I have disguised my sex and station. My father was determined to marry me to a man I detested; there was no remedy but in flight, nor any other expedient more secure than the one I have suggested. I have therefore to implore your protection, and that you will permit me to carry on my disguise a little longer, otherwise my inexorable father will find me out, and compel me to an act, that must inevitably render me the most unhappy of women.

The request of Armida was to be complied with, and the secret still remained even to Mademoiselle, who was burning with the flames of love. Lord C. who had plotted to send Mr. Thomas into his Majesty's service, was enraged to think that his personal charms should have excited admiration in his lady; yet as soon as he was informed of Mr. Thomas's real sex he was extravagant in his eulogiums. He watched every occasion to find Armida alone; and in those opportunities he gave her a thousand marks of his confidence and friendship. These *tete-a-tetes*, were faithfully related to lady C. and his lordship often diverted both by excessive folly and ill placed professions. And in order to carry on the jest at his lordship's expence, Lady C. and one of her intimates agreed to dress Armida in her true character. A few days were allotted for a feigned indisposition and Armida was privately conveyed to Mrs. B.—'s beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames. A large company was invited, and Armida was introduced as a relation of that family. It is impossible to paint the grace and elegance of Armida's figure. Lord C. soon however discovered the stratagem, and was highly delighted with the metamorphosis. Mrs. B.—in giving so readily into the scheme had not reflected on the consequences. She had a son, scarce of age, who was sensibly captivated with the charms of his unknown relation. He tormented his mother with reiterated in-

terrogatories concerning his fair cousin, and began to suspect some mystery. He was jealous of the attention shewn her by Lord C. and his curiosity carried him so far, as to find the following memorandum written by Armida, which served for the ground work of this *petite Historie*.

May 6, 7.—I left my father's disguised in mens apparel, in order to avoid an odious marriage. I never slept for three days till I reached town.

10. This day I entered in the service of Lady C.—

11. Her ladyship expressed much satisfaction, and employed me in many articles that more properly belonged to her waiting maid than her supposed groom of the chamber.

12. I dressed my mistress's hair—I was tempted to throw off my disguise, but I want ed courage.

13. Lady C.'s affability and good nature charms me. I must tell her who I am.

14. A history follows here.

\* \* \* \* \*

But to return to Lord C. He took the generous resolution of restoring Armida to the bosom of her family, by effecting a reconciliation between her and her father. Being thus furnished with a proper clue he set out for Fenworth hall, and after a minute information respecting Armida, He insisted upon Mr. Fenworth's accompanying him. Proud of his success, he was determined to bring on the denouement with an *eclat*, especially since the adventure would turn out greatly to his credit: Besides, he thought it would render Armida extremely popular, and insure her a choice of lovers. The next day he invited all his most intimate friends, and requested that Armida would once more gratify him in assuming the character of Mr. Thomas, and appear in the drawing room to serve the coffee. Lady C. was very much surprised at this request, and was totally at a loss to divine his realons for a whim of this nature. Mr. Thomas was presenting his lordship with a dish of coffee, when he exclaimed, “One Hebe was thought sufficient at the feast of the Gods—we have this day imitated their example.” Mr. Thomas blushed, and casting her timid eyes upon the company, saw her own father in an agitation not to be expressed.—The scene became too interesting, and to the astonishment of the company they heard his lordship articulate:

“Have courage, Armida, your father has forgiven you; but before I present you to him let the company see you in your proper dress and character.” Armida retired with trembling and confusion; and the moment she assumed the dress of Miss Armida Fenworth,

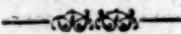
she came into the drawing room, and threw herself at the feet of her father, who, with tears of joy, embrac'd her with the greatest affection. Mrs. B.—'s son was in raptures, and at the same moment solicited the permission of paying his addresses to our heroine. As every one in the company seemed interested in the fate of the two lovers; they so successfully seconded the solicitation, that the consent of all parties was obtained. In a word, this adventure brought on a speedy marriage, which was celebrated with unusual splendor and festivity.



*Mr. Garrison,  
Your giving the following a place in your next Museum, will greatly oblige a Subscriber.*

*The TRUE USE of MUSIC.  
By the Rev. Mr. John Wesley.*

**L**ISTED into the cause of sin,  
Music, alas, too long has been  
Prest'd to obey the Devil.  
Drunken or lewd or light the lay,  
Flow'd to the souls undoing;  
Widen'd and strew'd with flowers the way,  
Down to eternal ruin.  
Who on the part of God will rise,  
Innocent sounds recover,  
Fly on the prey and seize the prize,  
Plunder the carnal lover;  
Strip him of every moving strain,  
Every melting measure;  
Music in virtue's cause retain,  
Rescue the holy pleasure.  
Come let us try if Jesus's love,  
Will not as well inspire us,  
This is the theme of those above,  
This upon earth shall fire us.  
Say if your hearts are turn'd to sing,  
Is there a subject greater?  
Harmony all its strains may bring,  
Jesus's name is sweeter.  
Jesus the soul of music is,  
His is the noblest passion;  
Jesus's name is joy and peace,  
Happiness and salvation.  
Jesus's name the dead can raise,  
Show us our sins forgiven;  
Fill us with all the life of grace,  
Carry us up to Heaven.  
Then let us in his praises join,  
Triumph in his salvation;  
Glory ascribe to love divine;  
Worship and adoration;  
Heaven already is begun,  
Open'd in each believer;  
Only believe and still sing on,  
Heaven is our's forever.



*For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.*

*QUESTION.*

**M**Y height Sir, in inches, is three times my years,  
My fortune their squares will both shew;  
Put all these together, then just there appears,  
The number expos'd to your view: (4494)  
From which, Sir, determine the thing you require  
And then if more favours you want,  
As lovers of science I always admire,  
Those favours perhaps I may grant.  
Nov. 15. 1791.

#### ADVICE to the VEILED LADIES.

**T**O down derry down now I'll sing a new song,  
To that good old tune a great many belong  
A fashion 'tis meant to expose that prevails,  
I hope to offend neither females nor males.

Ye fair to whom nature has given a face,  
A beautiful form, a fine person to grace,  
To you now I write, so attend to my song,  
I'll praise you when right and condemn you when wrong.

The men for the women, the women for men.  
Were form'd, and each party pronounce'd an Amen.  
No longer ye fair, then your faces conceal,  
But draw up your scenes and your beauty reveal.

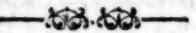
Your curtains the bachelors highly provoke,  
It is hard they should purchase a pig in a poke;  
Perhaps on each day this bad fashion you use,  
A lover, who might be a husband, you lose.

Then pray to a husband the preference give,  
Or stay behind curtains as long as you live!  
Whenever a lady deep veiled you find,  
A face not worth seeing is surely behind.

But, Ladies! pray take my advice and forbear  
To cover a face that is comely and fair;  
When hid, I this notion shall always embrace,  
That roses and lillies are not in that face.

The woman with beauty and modesty blest,  
Without veil or curtain looks always the best;  
Let vice hide her face and be cover'd with shame—  
Let Virtue unveil, and be proud of her name.

Attend to the sequel—A fervent good prayer,  
Is always accepted, the scriptures declare:  
" May those who love veils be still veil'd all their  
lives,  
" Like Nuns may they die veil'd, and never be  
wives!"



#### EPITAPH,

*Offered for the Monument of the Hon. JOB PRAY,  
who at the time of his decease was Member of  
the Hon. the Executive Council of Georgia, and  
during the late War, a Naval Commander of  
the United States of America.*

Sunk at his mooring,  
On Wednesday the 29th of April, 1789,  
One, who never struck his flag, while he had  
*A shot in the Locker:*  
Who carried sail in chase, "Till all was blue."  
In peace, whose greatest glory was,  
*A staggering topsail breeze:*  
In war to bring his broad side round,  
To bear upon the enemy;  
And who, when signals of distress hove out,  
Ne'er stood his course,  
But haul'd or tack'd, or wore,  
To give relief, though to a foe—  
Who steer'd his little bark, full so annual cruises,  
O'er life's tempestuous ocean,  
And moor'd her safe in port at last—

Where,  
Her timbers being crazy,  
And having sprung a leak in the gale,  
She went down with a clear bauze—  
If these traits excite in the breast of humanity  
That common tribute to the memory  
Of the departed,  
A sigh!  
Then, traveller,  
(As thou passest this wreck)  
Let thine be borne upon the breeze  
Which bends the grassy covering  
Of the grave of  
OLD JOB PRAY.

#### The NECESSITY of keeping one's FRIEND in one's POCKET.

**F**ROM a due consideration of the following, you will see the necessity of a man's *keeping his money in his pocket*. The pocket I consider, and always have considered, as the centre of friendship; where I would have this most valuable, this most faithful, of all friends placed. Now, if he be a friend of any magnitude, being placed there, he shall collect a number of other friends round you, who will continually point themselves to you from every quarter, like needles to the pole; friends who will smile at your prosperity, bask in the sun-shine of your glory, dance to the tune of your own hornepipe, and be *votre tres bumbles serviteur* down to the ground, *Monseur*. But if by sickness, misfortune, generosity, or by any other means whatsoever, this friend happens to be removed out of your pocket, the centre is destroyed, the equilibrium is lost, away fly your other friends, and, like ungrateful voracious Pelicans, turn their beaks at your breast, whenever you offer to come near them. *'Tis your own fault, you might have done well if you would;* but you are a fool, and could not keep a friend when you had him; and so you may die in a ditch, and go to the devil, if you please.

But this subject may be farther illustrated, and the necessity of keeping a friend in your pocket more evidently proved, from a due consideration of the advantages that may arise from it, or disadvantages resulting from its neglect.

Now a man that has secured this friend in his pocket, may go when he pleases, and where he pleases, and how he pleases, either on foot, or on horseback; in a coach or by water; and he shall be respected, and esteemed, and called *Sir*, and made welcome at every time, and in every place; and no one shall say unto him, *Why dost thou these things?* But a man that hath not a friend in his pocket, may not go when he pleases, and where he pleases, and how he pleases; but must go when, and where, and how, directed by others. Moreover, he shall travel on foot, and perchance without shoes, and not have the benefit of a horse, or the water, or a coach; and he shall be called *Sirrah* and not *Sir*; neither shall he be respected, or esteemed, or made welcome; and they shall say unto him, *Don't be troublesome fellow, get out of the way, for thou hast no business here.*

The rich man shall be clothed in scarlet, and purchase whatsoever his heart can desire; and the people shall give him the wall, and bow before him to the ground: But the poor man shall be clothed in rags, and be obliged to walk in the dirt, regarded by no man; nor shall he be able to purchase himself any thing, no not even a good name, tho the composition thereof consisteth only of air.

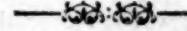
This is the way of the world, this is the state of modern friendship; and since it is so, who that has a grain of common sense, would not take care of a friend while he has him, especially if he be so portable as to be placed in his pocket.

TOM CAREFUL.



#### A N E C D O T E.

**A** Gentleman ridiculing the American flag, observed it was different from those of all other nations. That may be, said a by-stander; but at least it is divine—*stripes, should be for the back of fools.*



#### On an OLD MAID.

**H**ERE lies the body of Martha Dias,  
Always noisy, and not vot very pious;  
Who liv'd to the age of three score years and ten,  
And then gave to the worms what she refus'd to men-

NEW-YORK, November 19,

Thursday afternoon last a fire broke out in the book store of Mr. Robert Hodge, in Queen-street which nearly consumed the same. Most of the property in the lower part of house was saved; but we are sorry to add, that a large quantity of paper, books, &c. that were in the upper story, where the fire first caught, fell a prey to that devouring element. It is supposed to have been communicated by the pipe of the stove.

The Honourable the Council of Appointment, at their meeting at Claverack, on Tuesday the 8th instant, appointed MORGAN LEWIS, Esq. Attorney-General of this state, vice AARON BURR, Esq. federal Senator, and JOHN C. HOGBOOM, Sheriff of the county of Columbia.

Capt. Lovett, in a letter to his owners in New-York, dated St. Thomas, Oct. 30, 1791, says, "On Tuesday at about two o'clock, A M. a gale came on at N. West and continued most violently till one P. M. then shifted to the S. East, and continued till four, much harder than the first in terrible gusts. Eight vessels were drove on shore from their anchors at St. Croix, the most of them will be got off again; it unrooted several houses and blew several quite down; did considerable damage the canes, which were forward in growth. The damage at St. Thomas was not great; some small vessels were drove on shore; I parted my small cable about two hours after the gale came on, but by striking yards and topmasts, rode it out very well. Several vessels come in much damaged; some lost their masts and some their bowsprits. The damage is considerable at St. Eustatia I am told but cannot learn the particulars; only that there are two vessels, belonging to New-York drove on shore and lost. One, they say, is Capt. Denton, in a schooner of John Jackson's; the other a Capt. Brown, in a sloop, both which I left shore; and the sloop Jersey, of New-Jersey, Capt. Hampton, drove on shore and lost totally; have not heard but the crew were saved. Every other vessel got to sea, some by parting and others by cutting their cables. It must have been a distressing time at sea, from what we had in port; fortunately for us, we were where we are.

"I have this moment heard from St. Martins, and find it has been very distressing there in the late gale; the ship Maria, which I mentioned to have wrote by, bound to New-London, I hear is drove on shore and lost, together with several other vessels, and many houses blown down."

Boston, November 3.—Capt. Bickford arrived at Salem last Saturday from Capt. Francois. He left it Oct. 2. A Mr. Harrington, of this town, but resided there several years past, came passenger. He was one of their militia, and in several engagements, he came away at the risk of his life, as no resident is permitted to depart. He informs, on the 20th of Sept. 500 troops from Haut de Cap, and another of 400 from Petit Huce, he saw attack a fortified camp of Negroes on Galifaut's estate, defended by 9 cannon. The assailants had 5 24's and 6 field-pieces. It began at five in the morning, and they gained possession at 9: The Mulattoes and Negroes, chiefly mounted, first entered: A horrid carnage ensued, as they had orders to give no quarters to men, women or children; the slaughter finished at two, and the troops began then to plunder; they burnt every thing they could not carry, as men could not be spared to retain the place: re-took five white women, whose lives the Negroes spared for wives. There were previous to the attack, about 6000 Negroes in the place; but they secretly retreated and carried off their effects to Red-Bank, and only 2000 remained when attacked. The whites

had only two killed, and a few wounded. No material actions, but continual skirmishes, took place till his departure. The main body of the Negroes to that quarter, then established themselves at Red-Bank, a mountain steep and difficult of access, 30 miles from the Cape. Here they are 8 or 10,000 in number; including many whites, and a large proportion of Mulattoes, of good property and information, who in revenge for the equality denied them, have inspired the Negroes with ideas of liberty.

Mr. Harrington relates, that a flag was sent in to the Assembly from a body near Haut de Cap, offering to return to their services upon the plantations, if they were assured of pardon, and allowed three days in a week besides Sunday for themselves; the Assembly sent back seven men with an answer of refusal, which on the leader's reading, they rushed upon the gentlemen with the flag, and killed six of them; the 7th (formerly of Philadelphia) made his escape with a wound.

The country is filled with dead bodies which lie unburied. The negroes have left the whites with stakes, &c. drove through them into the ground; and the white troops, who now make no prisoners, but kill every thing black or yellow, leave the Negroes dead upon the field.

The trade of the town is entirely stopt. Capt. Bickford left upwards of 50 sail of Americans there; whose cargoes were all spoiling, as no vessel was permitted to depart till she had discharged her cargo, which was done in general by being thrown into the sea; after it was entirely spoiled, as there was no sale for them, all the stores being filled with provisions of every kind; notwithstanding which, the same duties were demanded on goods entered, and the port charges at departure, as usual. The drovers were permitted to pass which took off a trifle.

Philadelphia. Nov. 15.—Yesterday arrived the schooner John, Captain Darrell, from Bermuda, by which we have the following important advices, received by the ship Nonpareil, Captain Barker, arrived there on the 22d ult. from London, after a passage of 27 days. The Nonpareil brought English papers to the 19th Sept. from which we learn, that on the 14th of September died at Weymouth, England, the Marquis de la Luzerne, Ambassador from the court of France.—That a treaty of peace was signed between the Russians and Turks, the Empress still holding the city of Oczakow, with all its fortifications and whole district (which has been the great obstacle between them)—in consequence of which the English ships in commission were paying off and disarming. That the King of France had been again put into possession of the crown, and accepted of the new constitution; a general amnesty was published in favor of all who assisted him to make his escape, as well as those who resisted the decrees and were imatical to the measures of the National Assembly; but the fugitives on the frontiers of France continued raising troops for a counter revolution. The National Assembly, after the King had signified his acceptance to the new constitutional act, decreed on the 13th of Sept. last, as follows:

1st. All persons accused or under arrest, in regard to the King's departure, shall be immediately set at liberty, and all further prosecution shall cease. 2dly. The committees of the constitution and jurisprudence shall to-morrow present the plan of a decree respecting the immediate abolition of all proceedings relative to the events of the revolution. 3dly. To-morrow a plan of a decree shall also be presented for abolishing the use of passports, and for annihilating all momentary restraints, in regard to that liberty which the constitution allows to all citizens, of entering into and departing out of the kingdom. The gaols of the kingdom are to be thrown open upon the occasion.

## MARRIED

On Friday evening the 11th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. HENRY ABORN, of New-York, to Miss ABIGAIL BAKER.

## DIED

On Wednesday night, after a tedious and feverish illness, Dr. CHARLES M'KNIGHT, professor of anatomy in Columbia college, and one of the most eminent surgeons of this city, and perhaps of these United States.

In him a numerous family have lost an indulgent parent. Society at large a most useful member, and to the victims of disease, a ready and experienced physician.

## ARRIVALS since our last.

Brig Sally, Hand,	St. Martins
Amiable Rose, Hardwell,	Hispaniola
Grand Sachem, Richards,	Cadiz
Recovery, Church,	St. Domingo
Sarah, Darah,	St. John
John, March,	Madeira
Eliza, Burnham,	Savannah.

## THEATRE.

By the OLD AMERICAN COMPANY. On MONDAY EVENING, the 21st inst. will be presented, a COMEDY, called,

## The Tempest; or,

The Enchanted Island.

To conclude with a GRAND MASQUE of NEPTUNE and AMPHITRITE.

To which will be added, a FARCE, called,

## The GHOST.

Places in the Boxes may be taken of Mr. Faulkner, at the office, from ten to twelve, A. M. and on the days of performance from 3 to 5, P. M. where also tickets may be had, and at Mr. Gain's Printing Office, at the Bible Hanover Square.

Box 8s. Pit 6s. and Gallery 4s. The doors will be opened at half an hour after 5, and the curtain drawn up precisely at half an hour after 6 o'clock. VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

THIS is to certify the public, That the partnership of HEBERTON and VAN GELDER, was dissolved the 1st inst. by mutual consent. All those indebted to them are requested to make speedy payment; and those they are indebted to, to bring in their accounts that they may be settled, to JOHN HEBERTON.

New-York, November 19, 1791.

## DANIEL CAMPION, TAYLOR,

No. 22, Water Street, opposite the Coffee House, RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has received by the late vessels from Europe, an elegant and fashionable assortment of goods, well adapted to the present season; all of which he will sell on the most reasonable terms.

He takes this opportunity of returning his most grateful thanks to his friends and such gentlemen as have been pleased to honour him with their custom, and begs leave to inform them, that he carries on, as usual, the Tayloring business in the most extensive manner and will be happy to execute their commands, with neatness and quick dispatch.

## A NEGRO BOY.

WANTED, either to purchase or have bound, a Negro Boy, from 10 to 12 years of age. Enquire of the Printer. Nov. 12, 1791.

## The COURT of APOLLO.

### OSWALD and MATILDA: Or the IRISH MASSACRE.

A Legendary Tale.

“THAT night, be firm my trembling soul,  
“That fatal night, when all seem’d still:  
“No watch dog’s howl; no screech owl’s note  
“Broke from yon death-devoted hill.  
“The bell struck one, again it toll’d;  
“Yes, on this heart I felt the blow:  
“Again I heard the jarring sound,  
“Signal for Massacrees and woe!  
“And now the distant murmurs rise,  
“And now loud screams assaile mine ears;  
“While bright ten-thousand torches wave,  
“My soul was petrified with fear.  
“Half rob’d amidst a dreadful crew,  
“Thoughtless of decency I rush’d;  
“My keen distress created sport  
“To foes, with blood and rapine flush’d.  
“Heart-sick’ning thought, from these weak arms  
“Two lovely babes the monsters tore,  
“And on their high-raised quivering spears  
“My tender bleeding infants bore!  
“Methinks I see their eager hands  
“Stretch’d out for help; but none was near,  
“Methinks I hear their last sad groans  
“That pierc’d in vain the yielding air.  
“What matrons, virgins, infants strew’d  
“The choak’d up streets in clotted gore!  
“What flames arose! What howles sunk  
“At once the tomb of rich and poor!  
“Escap’d from death the plains I took,  
“While conflagration mark’d my way;  
“For yet the love of life prevail’d,  
“Tho’ hope could lend no cheering ray.  
“But while strong terror urg’d my flight,  
“With distant footsteps rang the ground,  
“I stop’d—I listen’d—ran—then turn’d  
“An ear attentive to the sound.  
“The noise encreas’d—a crowd appear’d,  
“A panting, flying wretch they sought:  
“He struggled, stop’d, the foremost fled;  
“But first my hand he fiercely caught.  
“I am thy husband, haste he cried,  
“To rocks, to deserts, let us speed;  
“In cities now no faith remains,  
“There hecatombs in anguish bleed.  
“It was my husband—heav’nly found!  
“I ran—my speed outstrip’d our foes,  
“The heath we gain’d, and this poor cot  
“Afforded shelter and repose.  
“In peace we liv’d;—Another babe  
“Encreas’d our love, encreas’d our care;  
“For her we ask’d returning wealth:  
“But vain, alas! the tender prayer.  
“Now streaming tears, quick heaving sighs,  
“Protracted sad Matilda’s tale:  
“Alas! she said, excuse this grief,  
“My heart is rack’d—my spirits fail.  
“For ill can words describe the scene,  
“When russians tore my love away;  
“Destruction—horror—from that hour  
“In tears I pass the mournful day!  
“Twelve months elaps’d—no news to cheer,  
“No hope to calm my troubled mind:  
“Nought save this babe to hear my plaints;  
“That babe my Oswald left behind!

[To be concluded in our next.]

## THE MORALIST.

**A**S there is no prosperous state of life without its calamities, there is no adversity without its benefits. Ask the great and powerful if they do not feel the pangs of envy and ambition. Enquire of the poor and needy, if they have not tasted of the sweets of quiet and contentment. Even under the pains of bdy, the infidelity of friends, or the misconstructions put upon our laudable actions, our minds (when for some time accustomed to these pressures) are sensible of secret comfort, the present reward of a pious resignation. The evils of this life appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren at a distance, but at our nearer approach, we find little fruitful spots, and refreshing springs, mixed with the harshness and deformities of nature.

### S K I N N E R,

Surgeon Dentist,

WITH sentiments of gratitude acknowledges the patronage he has hitherto been honored with in the line of his profession, and respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he will assiduously study to merit every favor.

It is an indisputable truth that a clean, regular, sound set of teeth, contribute greatly to the beauty of the face, that they are indispensably necessary to the preservation of a clear and distinct pronunciation, as well as useful in Mastication; Mr. Skinner engages to furnish even those who have been so unfortunate as to lose the whole of their teeth with any number from a single tooth to a compleat whole set; those he transplants grow as firm in the jaw as the original teeth, the artificial are substituted without extracting the old stumps, or giving the least pain in the operation.

He cleanses and restores the teeth to their original whiteness and the breath to its natural sweetness, by removing the tartar, which by negligence and inattention collects upon the teeth, infinuates itself under the gums, separates them from the teeth, eventually occasions their loosening and falling out of the jaw, and is the first cause of introducing those vitiated juices or scorbutic humor commonly called the scurvy, evils that ought to be early noticed and remedied by all classes of people.

Mr. Skinner’s intimate knowledge of the practice and remedies of one of the most eminent Dentists in London, enables him to give permanent relief in a few minutes, from the most excruciating pain proceeding from carious teeth without extracting them, his very low charges (from what has heretofore been demanded) for operations upon the teeth, must be satisfactory (it is presumed) to every person who pleases to consult him, he demands no fee for performing any operation that does not equal the most sanguine expectations.

SKINNER’s DENTIFRICE POWDER and TINCTURE for the Teeth and Gums composed of such medicinal preparations as are particularly adapted to the preservation of those parts by persevering in the daily use of them, (after the tartar is extracted) will give the teeth a beautiful whiteness, preserve the gums in health, and the breath pure; they are pleasant to the taste, and destructive to nothing but disease. Sold by most of the apothecaries, stationers and perfumers in New-York, and the proprietor, No. 27, John-street, opposite the Play House, with directions, price 3s. each.

N. B. The indigent, afflicted with pains in the teeth, will be relieved gratis.

New-York, August 15, 1791. 70 4t.

### APPLES FOR SHIPPING.

NEW-TOWN Pippins of the best quality and different kinds, may be had at the shortest notice, by applying at No. 13, Golden-hill-street.

New-York, October 21, 1791.

WHEREAS Stephen McCrea, of the city of New-York, and Mary his wife, on the pteenth day of October, 1784, for securing the payment of eight hundred pounds, current money of New-York, on the sixteenth of October, 1785, with interest at seven per cent. per annum, did mortgage to Ann Areson, of the same place, widow, all thye certain lots situate in the outward of the said city, known, distinguished and bounded as follows, wiz. lot No. 619, on the South, by Cheapside, and lot No. 620, on the North, by Lombard-street, each lot containing thirty feet in front and thirty feet in rear; lot No. 595, on the North, by a still house belonging to the said Stephen McCrea and others; and on the East, by lots belonging to Anthony Rutgers and others; and on the West, by lot No. 596, belonging to William Bedlow; lot No. 601, on the front, by Catherine-street, on the North, by a house and lot then belonging to Gerardus Depeyster; on the West, by the said still house, and on the East, by lots then belonging to Anna Baneker, Gerardus Depeyster and Henry Rutgers. AND WHEREAS, the said eight hundred pounds, with the interest, or part thereof, is still due and unpaid. NOTICE is therefore hereby given, that the said mortgaged premises will be sold at Public Auction, at the Merchants Coffee-house, in the city of New-York, on the ninth day of February next at 12 o’clock in the forenoon of the same day, by virtue of a power contained in the said mortgage, and pursuant to the directions of the act of the Legislature of this state, made and passed the 27th day of Februdry, 1788, entitled, “An act to prevent frauds by mortgages, and for securing the purchasers of mortgaged estates.”—Dated this 6th day of August, 1791.

69—6 m.

ANN ARESON.



A FARM, PLEASANTLY situated on the Banks of Hudson’s River, in German-Town, Columbia county, containing 114 acres, of which a great part is excellent meadow, and a sufficiency of good wood-land: A good house, out-houses and barn; also, 26 acres, on which is a good tan-yard, and may be converted into excellent meadow. The whole will be sold, either together or separate, as may best suit the purchaser, and in immediate possession given: There is also 10 or 12 loads of good hay, which will be sold cheap. Enquire of the Printer, or at No. 1, Vandewater-street.

N. B. With trifling expence a good fishing place may be made.

New-York, Sept. 10, 1791.

74 tf.

NOTICE is hereby given, That the co-partnership of Cuyler and M’Intyre, of Cox-fakie, in the county of Albany, was dissolved by mutual consent, on the first day of October inst. All persons therefore, having any demands on said co-partnership, are requested to send up their accounts; and all those indebted are desired to discharge the same.

October 31, 1791.

82 3t

### ANTHONY OGILVIE,

No. 3, Peck-Slip,

INFORMS his friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 18, Little Dock street, to No. 3. Peck-Slip, where he continues to carry on House and Sign painting, Gilding and Glazing &c. He also paints mahogany, ebony and all kind of wood colours, marble and stone equal to the colour of stone, in the neatest manner. And he flatters himself that he will give general satisfaction to those who may favour him with their custom.